

THE OLD JINSANG MAN.

A QUEER CHARACTER WHO ROAMS ABOUT LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

He Gathers Roots and Herbs for the Medicine Makers and Has Great Faith in His Own Simple Remedies—A Curious Tale in a Boat.

WHITFIELD, N. Y., Aug. 12.—Those who have been fortunate enough to visit the Lake Champlain may have noticed a queer character, a fat old man with a white beard and a white cap, who is always seen on the shore and never coming out far. It is not a risk without danger, though, because it has been an instability enough to fight a severe storm. On the top is a wooden cabin, not dimly built of hoops and



THE JINSANG MAN.

cloth, but a solid structure, as firm as the hull itself. A small mast at the bow and a bit of rusty stovepipe sticking from the end of the cabin—these are all that show to any one that passes by. But if you will take your time—it may be like the time of the fatboat, very slow—you will run across the "jinsang" man and he will talk to you of his house on the water and of the strange kind of life he leads.

He lives at Whitehall, on the southern end of the lake. As soon as the roots are in good condition, by the middle of every summer, he starts on a tour, skirting all the shores of the lake. He gathers and dries the roots of the ginseng, the mandrake and whatever else he can sell; he is up his boat and starts for Whitehall, where he ships his load to whole drug stores in Boston or New York. Then he takes another turn about the lake and returns to Whitehall loaded again. This he repeats through the summer and in the fall he gathers the bark of the birch and a small cherry and winter comes.

"How long have you kept at this work?" I asked.

"Ever since I returned from California. I was one of the old forty-niners. You will find my name cut in a tree at the entrance of the Sonora Gulch. It is nearly 40 years now since I took up this work."

"And have you always been alone on the lake?"

"Nearly always. I have taught two or three boys the work, but they get tired of it and run away. There are mighty few boys nowadays that are worth having. I have a family of girls at home that I have educated and brought up well from the profits of my work."

"I see a stove there. Do you board yourself?"

"I should say I did. See here! Walk inside." And he led the way into the interior of the cabin, which must have measured about 15 feet by 7 or 8. It was high enough for a man to stand up in, and the sides were lined with shelves on which the roots were drying. In one corner was a bunk and in another corner was a small stove fitted out with two griddles. Under the deck in the bow was a pork barrel and several baskets and boxes filled with potatoes, onions and other vegetables. I saw at once that I had disturbed the old man in the midst of his preparations for supper. Apologizing to him for coming so unexpectedly, I was met with this reply: "Don't you mind that a bit. Just sit down here and talk with me, and when the supper is ready we will have it together." So I let him go on making his biscuits and slicing his onions into the stew. I sat there with every little while a comment like this: "A little onion in every dish, that is my motto. I tell you what, I could teach some of those housewives how to make warm biscuits for tea if I had a mind to do it," etc.

I touched the old man in a tender spot when I asked him to tell me something about the roots that he gathered and the life he was leading. He went on in something like this style: "Professor Huxley said he believed that a plant existed to meet the exigency of any disease to which man was subject, or, in Huxley's own words, a plant to yield a cure for every disease that flesh is heir to. I believe so, too. When I was in California on the borders of Mexico I found I had lost, from Chihuahua and Tlaxcala up to Sonora and Chihuahua, the Indians had a knowledge of the herbs of the field and forest. The Indians who live around the little hill called the Pajol, near Mexico City, can cure intermittent fevers much more easily than our physicians, and in the state of Queretaro the Indians have a remedy known only to themselves, and the secret of which they most jealously guard. This cures the worst forms of blood diseases, as many foreigners here can testify. So cunning are these Indians that they employ a medicine which has the property of paralyzing temporarily the sense of taste, and thus their patients can get no clew to the nature of the herbs they are taking. Malaria yields quickly to the powerful remedies of the Indians, and these same rude practitioners will cure bad cases of typhus fever. In the treatment of the small pox the Indians are very successful, placing their patients in dark rooms, but permitting

currents of air to be continually passing over the body of the patient, while some herbal remedy is continually administered. That the Indians of the country towns and of the little hamlets up in the Sierras are healthy is plainly to be seen. They live often to an incredible age, and say themselves that the white man is a sickly fellow who has gray hair while their own is still coal black."

"Then I suppose that you sell to the Indian herb doctors and the patent medicine men?"

"Oh, not at all. I was only telling you what the Indians could do with herbs and roots. As to the patent medicines, there have been no such things since 1833. From 1861 up to that time the manufacturers of specialties had to get out patents and pay into the United States treasury 4 per cent. of their receipts. As there were 5,000 articles on the list, the government derived a large revenue from this source. The amount for the twenty-two years reached \$36,000,000. In 1833 the tax was abolished. Since that time there have been no patent medicines. Now, do you see this root?" He held up a small, cream colored root somewhat the shape of the human figure. It was so clear that one could almost see through it.

"This," he said, "is what is known as ginseng—a root that has been celebrated for hundreds of years. Formerly it was grown in the Chinese empire, but now the great supply comes from the United States, where the product is half a million pounds every year. Some of it is found in the mountains of West Virginia, Pennsylvania and the Carolinas. Ohio, Indiana and Minnesota furnish some, and a little of it we find around this lake. A great deal used to be found in New England, just across the lake. More than 100 years ago the Rev. Dr. Jonathan Edwards wrote a letter to the effect that the root had been found in the woods near Stockbridge and in other places in New England, as well as in the country of the Six Nations. The traders in Albany have been eager to purchase all they could get of the root to send to England, where they make great profit by it. This has occasioned our Indians of all sorts, young and old, to spend abundance of time in the woods, and sometimes to a great distance, in the neglect of public worship and their husbandry, and also in going much to Albany to sell their roots, which proves worse to them than going into the woods, where they are always much in the way of temptation and drunkenness. The plant has a smooth round stem about a foot high, which divides at the top into three stalks for leaves. The flowers are small and greenish and the fruit is a scarlet berry. You will see by this root, which is a fair specimen, that it is spindle shaped, from one to three inches long, about as thick as the little finger, and terminated by several slender fibers. When dried the root is yellowish white and wrinkled externally, and within consists of a large central portion surrounded by a soft whitish bark. It has a feeble odor and a sweet taste somewhat like that of licorice root. You will never find it on cleared land unless it is shaded; and you will never find it except in rich soil. The root gathered in the spring is worth very little because it is full of water."

"In preparing crude ginseng it is only necessary to wash the root thoroughly and so dry it, either in the shade or sun. It is never dried by a fire because of the danger of burning. Once scorched it has no value whatever. The clarified ginseng is generally prepared in a building erected for the purpose. The 'green' roots are shipped to the city works, where they are washed by machinery. This is followed by a process of steaming, and then the roots are placed in driers. These driers are wooden frames, covered with canvas or wire netting, all of one size, so that they can be packed closely together. The ginseng is spread on these driers, and they are placed in the dry room, which is heated to a temperature of 150 degrees. The crude ginseng is white, the clarified straw color. But I do not take all of this trouble. I only dig the roots and dry them. Do you see this little grub hoe?"

I looked at the man more closely than I had before and saw that the crown of his black felt hat was a piece of cloth sewed on with rule stitches, and when he handed me his little hoe I said, "It strikes me that you have been in some pretty rough places with this hoe and that hat."

"I should think I had. It's all a man can do to get into some of the places where I have to go. I wear out three or four of these patent tops to my hats every week. No one is round to sew them on and so I have to sew them on myself."

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HOME OF THE JINSANG MAN.

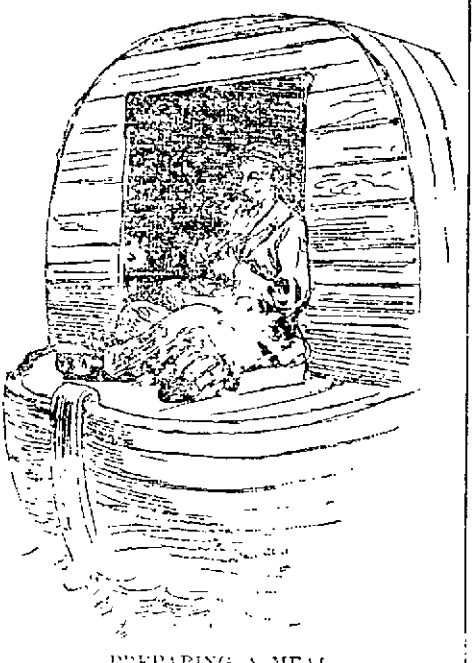
"Do you get any herbs beside your roots?"

"Not many. I get huckle weed, red clover and a few other things. The huckle weed, a low growing plant, the whole of which is made use of, is highly esteemed among herbists as a consumptive remedy. Taken in an infusion it is excellent to prevent bleeding at the lungs. Red clover is most effectual for relieving the pain of cancer. Wormwood is the arnica of the herbist. Moistened with hot water, mixed with salt, and laid on flannel for a little, the herbists say it will take down swelling quicker than any arnica can. Did you ever step into the shop of a herbist? There are only four of them even in the city of New

York. They keep something like 250 different kinds of herbs, barks and roots, which are called for by people who still make their own medicines. The ones that are called for the most are these: Hoar-hoofs, sarsaparilla, catnip, camomile root, yellow dock, burdock, sassafras, mandrake, cherry bark, stillingia and wintergreen. Nearly all who patronize the herbists are Americans; but there is a little sprinkling of foreigners. Business is not what it used to be. There are today very few believers in the old country women's remedies of bottling and brewing. The city man or woman of today rushes off to a doctor at the first ache or pain. His prescription, it is quite likely, is some herbal extract, for doctors do not always give mineral remedies. But he uses those herbal extracts prepared by the large drug firms, and prescribes them under their long Latin names—so people won't know. If questioned very closely he is likely to acknowledge this, but he will add: 'Not in the raw state. They are first chemically prepared, refined and purified.' But the old fashioned woman will shake her head, declare that nature is good enough for her, she'd rather trust it anyway than the principles of commercial preparation, and that 'there's an herb for every pain.' But the doctor sugar coats his pills nicely, and the herb remedies are often of very misty taste. And then a few drops of an extract will suffice, while of decoctions and infusions of the herbs themselves quantities and cups must be taken. The knowledge and experience required to brew and boil, while the woman of the old school is in her glory in the midst of it, are quite enough to deter the young girl from the wrestle over the fire."

"But your ginseng is almost all of it sent to China?"

"Yes, that is so. There is little use for it in this country. I wish times were what they used to be when I could sell it for more a pound than I can now. Even when it is at its best I only get something like twenty-five cents a pound for this root; and it is very light, as you will see."



PREPARING A MEAL.

By this time the skillet had sizzled for some time with a mixture of salt, pork, potatoes and onions; and the tea biscuit were ready. These were as light and nice as any housekeeper could wish to see, and I sat down to a friendly meal with the old "jinsang" man, as the natives call him around the lake. He went over again all of his mining life in California, not forgetting to impress me every little while with the fact that he was one of the best amateur doctors in all that part of the country. Unfortunately I was not sick in any way so that I could try him on the spot. Perhaps some one else will be going that way pretty soon. If so, he will be sure to meet with a hearty welcome from the old man, especially if he will go through the motions of trying some of his remedies—the one for curing the bite of rattlesnakes, for instance. But it is not necessary to have interviewed a rattlesnake first.

F. G. MATHER.

Great Yarmouth.

(Special Correspondence.)

NEW YORK, Aug. 8.—While I was in England I poked up to Great Yarmouth. Home of Yarmouth blower, herring, Robinson Crusoe and Peggy. Engaged lodgings. Hall's court. Fisherman's wife. Young. Stout. Clocks, brick-dust color.

First morning at Great Yarmouth. Entire stranger. Went out to buy provisions. Tea first. Enter store. Platt, grocer. Platt obliging, willing, subservient, semi-servile, sociable. Remarks while waiting tea, "Stylish wedding that this morning." Entirely ignorant of wedding. Conclude, however, I'll not be entire stranger in Yarmouth. At least in theory. Remark, "Yes, it was." Implication of general knowledge of subject. To save useless explanation. One stylish wedding very like another. On any side of Atlantic, anyway.

Further remark by sensible British grocer: "There were seven carriages at church." "Indeed?" Didn't quite see Platt's point. Ominous indication in P's voice. Let it mean something. Waited to see meaning. Platt's next remark: "They'd do well to keep it up in that steel mill their lives."

Began to see daylight. Had got Platt's bearings. Latitude and longitude. Felt Platt's invariance. Platt jealous of townsmen. Townsmen's son or daughter had been doing matrimony. Put on too much style. Felt hat Platt. And probably Mrs. Platt. On jealous chord.

Feeling sociable, joined in. Stranger. Strange land. Strange town. Hungry to talk with some one. Any one. Didn't care about what. Had been bottled up talkless for days. Starved colloquially. Joined in with Platt. Merged into Platt's jealousy. Became for minute part of Platt in sentiment. Condemned extravagant couple. Prophesied they'd come to want. Saw 'em with money spent. Living beyond means. Saw 'em poor. Put 'em in wretched garret. Lowered 'em into damp cellar. Buried 'em in potter's field. All inside of ten minutes. Sympathy did Platt good. Me too. PRENTICE MULFORD.

STANLEY STILL ON DECK.

A SHIPWRECKED AFRICAN BRINGS THE LATEST INTELLIGENCE.

He Arrives in Boston and Brings News of the American Explorer—in Robust Health and Has a Voice Like That of a Lion—Traders With Rum and Tobacco Offset the Work of Missionaries.

BOSTON, Aug. 12.—A bright-looking African prince, whose grandfather was king of the Upper and Lower Congo, and who is one of six princes who are heirs to the throne, is now in Boston. He reached this country a few days ago via a sailing vessel that belonged in New Bedford. His English name is Frederick Nicholas Smith, and he speaks the English language quite fluently. He came to this country unexpectedly. He was sailing from the Congo to Sierra Leone, his home, and the vessel bearing him was wrecked. He was saved after a hard fight for his life and was carried to St. Paul de Loango. There he met the captain of the American ship and decided to come to this country to finish his education.

The prince is twenty-five years old, straight as an arrow, with coal black skin, but with features rather pleasant than otherwise, despite the presence of scars received in battle.

A Chat With Stanley.

He had an interesting chat with Henry M. Stanley on the 28th of last November at Kinchassa and Stanley Pool. He had with him about 200 men in excellent health, with their goods, curiosities, etc. Mr. Stanley pitched his tent at this place and here he remained for several days, after which he embarked for the eastern part of Africa. At that time he looked very robust. His voice was like the voice of a lion. The natives looked upon him as a great and mighty man; they call him "Bulu Matadi," which signifies "Breakstone." The name is given him because when he first came among them he dug up out of the earth great rocks or stone and made a fine, wide road.

The prince's father was a king of the Bururo tribe. He does not think his people will ever reach an advanced state of civilization. Rum and tobacco do more harm than they can offset by the teaching of the missionaries. The traders debauch the natives and the missionaries are powerless.

Civilizing the Congo.

"While such a condition of affairs exist," said the prince, "the work of Christianizing the inhabitants of the Congo will be slow. The people on the Lower Congo are all half civilized. They are good-tempered and hospitable, but it seems to be very hard for them to receive the gospel and its teachings. In the Upper Congo they are half wild, and it is not safe for travelers to go among them without being well armed. The Belgian government is determined to make the Congo a great and profitable country for its own benefit. Every effort is being put forward to develop the territory and cost is not taken into consideration at all. Plans have been perfected to construct a railroad 470 miles long. The American government, however, is pursuing a policy that is far from profitable. Things are carried on in that quarter in such a manner that the labors of the missionaries will not be of much avail."

IN CANADA OR MEXICO?

Mr. Brown, of the Firm of Brown, Stesse & Clark, 111, Nassau.

BOSTON, Aug. 12.—Amasa Clark, junior member of the firm of Brown, Stesse & Clark, said that he had no doubt that Gideon P. Brown, the missing member of the firm, was in Canada or Mexico, or some other place outside of the United States. He was entirely confident that Mr. Hale was not mistaken in the man he saw in Albany Wednesday morning, because Mr. Hale had known Mr. Brown for years. "Mr. Brown's coachman," said Mr. Clark, "led us to believe that he had taken Mr. Brown to the Providence station to take the 11 o'clock train Tuesday night. On that assurance I sent a private detective to Westley, B. L., where his family was, but I found that I was on the wrong track. Since then the coachman has admitted that he drove Mr. Brown to the Albany station, and that he took the 11:30 train. I can't tell whether Mr. Brown had any money to speak of with him. I have been in business with him for fifteen years, and while I knew he was very careless, I never had supposed him dishonest. He had entire charge of the finances, and in the last week he had borrowed an immense amount of money on the firm's credit. What he has done with it I don't know. He may have spent it in the interest of the firm." It has been authoritatively stated that no statement can be made of the affairs of the firm until an expert has been through the books and straightened affairs somewhat. Notes Broker C. S. Howe is on his way to the amount of \$2,500 for a note negotiated Monday. The note was lost last week for a change in the indorsement and how did not get it again, although Brown got his money on it.

Horrible Fate.

CHARLESTON, W. Va., Aug. 12.—A horrible butchery is reported from McDowell county. The particulars are meagre. It appears the late ex-lawyer Gills lived in a remote district of the county with two daughters, about grown. They were poor but respectable people. Two neighbors found all three dead. Gills had evidently been cruelly tortured, and slain and murdered. The neighbors are endeavoring to find the perpetrators of the deed.

Drops of Steam Turned.

ALBANY, Cal., Aug. 12.—The Augusta Orphan asylum was almost destroyed by fire yesterday. The children were gotten out safely. Two firemen were injured by falling ladders. A lack of water hindered the efforts to save the building. The loss is a net \$80,000.

Savage and Sensitive.

SACRAMENTO, Cal., Aug. 12.—John Fleming, a painter, shot and killed Mrs. John Shellers, in her husband's candy store on Saturday and then shot himself dead. It is supposed that Fleming was in love with Mrs. Shellers, who did not encourage his advances.

The President's Signature.

CHAMBERLAIN, S. D., Aug. 12.—The report extensively circulated that congress must ratify the Sioux treaty before the lands are thrown open is a mistake. It will only need the president's proclamation after the commission reports to make the lands a part of the public domain.



An efficient yet mild detergent without any of the objectionable properties of ordinary soaps, is what recommends the "IVORY" to intelligent and discriminating people. Its cheapness brings it within the reach of every one.

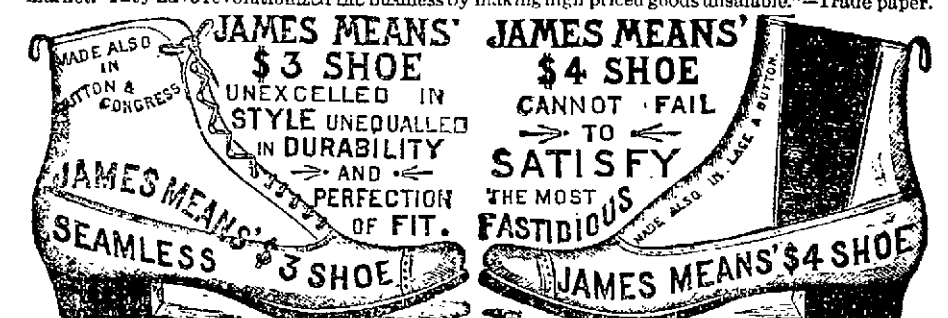
A WORD OF WARNING.

There are many white soaps, each represented to be "just as good as the 'Ivory';" they ARE NOT, but like all counterfeits, lack the peculiar and remarkable qualities of the genuine. Ask for "Ivory" Soap, and insist upon getting it.

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The best testimonial we ever had.—James Means & Co. are the bears of the boot and shoe market. They have revolutionized the business by making high priced goods unsalable.—Trade paper.



JAMES MEANS' BOOTS and SHOES

Are Unexcelled in Merit. Positively no genuine shoes having our name and price stamped plainly on the soles. Your retailer will supply you with boots and shoes stamped if you insist upon having them; if you do not insist upon having them, you will buy the inferior goods upon which they make a large profit. Ours are the original \$3 and \$4 shoes, and these who imitate our system of business are unable to compete with us in quality of factory products. In our lines we are the largest manufacturers in the United States.

How your foot does against his shoes! James Means' \$2 shoes for boys will outwear any other boys' shoes ever made. You can have face or button.

\$2.50 Buys the Best Farmers' Thick Boot.

JAMES MEANS' QUARTER EAGLE BOOT

A Reliable Kip Boot for Farmers.

10 Mills make one Cent; 10 Cents make one Dime; 10 Dimes make one Dollar; 10 Dollars make one Eagle.

And with a Quarter Eagle any Farmer in the Country can now buy a boot that will satisfy him. Farmers have been looking for such a boot for a long time and now it has come.

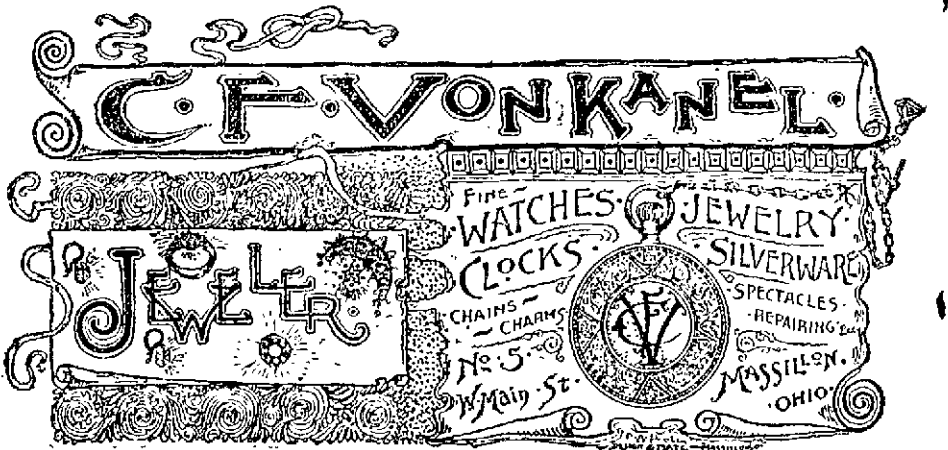
Boots and shoes from our celebrated factory are sold by well-known retailers in all parts of the country. We will place them easily within your reach in any State or Territory if you will invest one cent in a postal card and write to us.

Special Offer on the James Means Quarter Eagle Kip Boots for Farmers.

In order to immediately distribute samples of these Boots all over the country, we will send them transportation prepaid, to any man in any place where there is a post office or railroad in any State or Territory of the United States. We will send them by express or by mail, with all charges for transportation (to destination) prepaid by ourselves, on receipt of regular price, \$2.50. Send money by post office order or registered letter. We will accept United States postage stamps for the full half dollar. In order to get a perfect fit, take a piece of paper and place your foot upon it, then mark out the shape of your foot, keeping your pencil close to the foot all the way around. Then take the last boot which you wore, and mark out the shape of that in the same way. We will fill your order on the same day we receive it. Take great care to be very accurate, and be sure to give us your full address, town, county and State or Territory. If we have a dealer handling our goods in your town we want you to buy of him. We do not want you to suffer from the same old trouble with the dealers who sell you country goods, but we are glad to supply you if your dealer will not. Any boot and shoe retailer in any country store-keeper can supply you with our goods if he wants to, but some dealers will try to sell you inferior goods on which they make a larger profit than they ought to ask for. In that case, send to us.

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JACK THE RIPPER AGAIN.

IS A BEGINNING A FRESH SERIES OF CRIMES?

All London Excited by the Fiend's Latest Work in the Whitechapel District—Tremendous Blunders Made by Sir Charles Warren and his Subordinates—Monro Doing Little Better.

All terror-stricken London again bows before "Jack the Ripper."

That dread name, the only one unfortunately by which the mysterious fiend is brought within the scope of mere human comprehension, is on the tongue of every man, woman and child in every district of that vast metropolis.

When that cry so familiar to Londoners for several months last year, "Another Whitechapel murder!" again rang out a few days ago, men refused to believe that another terrible crime had been added to the mysteries of London. On the faces of the merchants and clerks hurrying to business by the morning trains one could see incredulity pictured; but this look gave way to blank amazement when they saw Ludgate Hill ablaze with the announcements, "Jack the Ripper Again at Work!" "Another Woman Horribly Mutilated!"



THE WAY THE MURDERS ARE SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN COMMITTED.

Even the most abandoned women, living in a state of terror, however they may try to hide their feelings under a mask of drunken gaiety.

The police are absolutely no safeguard. The murderer may prowls as he wishes about these alleys and lanes, even with his hands red with the blood of his victims.

There was no one more astonished than the constable who discovered the body of Alice Mackenzie.

"Why," said he to a reporter, "I could scarce believe my blooming eyes."

The entire force are completely dumfounded; they are as helpless as children.

After the murder they make a big show, which results in nothing except the arrest and subsequent discharge of some drunken loafers who drop mysterious hints in public houses.

It must undoubtedly be admitted the police here are terribly handicapped in dealing with the "Ripper." Whitechapel and its immediate neighborhood are simply not works of narrow streets on either side of Commercial road, which is a rather fine thoroughfare. Once a man who is acquainted with the locality turns any one corner the chances are that the best detective skill will not discover him. He becomes lost in the labyrinth.

Furthermore, the quarter is a large city in itself, a city of tumble-down, rickety houses and filthy courts and gateways, with a population for the most part criminal.

The lowest of the low, the most abandoned wretches, both male and female, reside here in filthy dens. They are steeped in poverty and vice, and this within a stone's throw almost of the royal mint of England.

The women are poor wretches who, as a rule, have a sort of partnership with men viler than themselves. They do a little charring by day, and supplement their earnings on the streets at night. If they have not regular partners they sleep in the low lodging-houses that abound here, and pay fourpence for the "doss." Should they happen to have companions an "eightpenny doss" is engaged. Sometimes there is not enough of money left from the gin palace to pay for a bed, and in that case a cart in some gateway or alley serves the purpose.

These are the women who become the victims of "Jack the Ripper." They know the quietest nooks and corners in this abandoned portion of the great city and have no fear for the policeman, whose heavy, measured tread always gives warning of his approach, and even should he flash his lantern on a dark corner the chances are that to save himself trouble he would pass on.

The fiend appears to be wonderfully dexterous at his work. He never gives the victim a chance of raising an alarm. The throat he first cuts in a single instant and then he begins the work of mutilation. The theory is that he cuts from behind, thus avoiding the blood. The abdomen he carves up with evident skill and the entrails he cuts out cleanly, as a rule taking care to place them in some position by the body which renders his terrible work more hideous. Then, his work completed, he glides away.



WHITECHAPL TYPES.

There is nothing left behind that can lead to his discovery, and the police and the public must content themselves with the customary coroner's inquiry and the old-time verdict of the jury that the woman was "murdered by some person or persons unknown."

It is now almost two years since the first outcast was found dead and mutilated in the Whitechapel district. A murder in mystery was, however, nothing to marvel at in London and very little effort was made to discover even the customary police clue. The newspapers devoted a mere penny-a-liner's paragraph to the affair.

The following April another woman was found murdered in the same district, but Sir Charles Warren, the chief commissioner of police, was too busily engaged in endeavoring to crush the spirit out of the workmen of London to

trouble about the affair. The papers had the usual paragraph, and the case attracted no public attention.

On August 7 there was a slight commotion over the murder of a woman named Margaret Turner. She was found on the doorstep of a house. Her body had been pierced in several places with a bayonet. On August 31, the metropolis was genuinely alarmed over the discovery of the body of Polly Nichols and in rapid succession the other crimes followed after and London awoke in terror, at last realizing the capacity of the fiend for his bloody work.

Sir Charles Warren was repeatedly attacked in the newspapers, and to make a struggle against his downfall he supplemented the bluecoats with a force of English bloodhounds. Sir Charles, to the amusement of the comic papers, exercised in Hyde Park with the dogs and had them set on his own track. The warrior in less than an hour was up the tallest tree he could find, with the brutes on guard beneath him. After this the hounds sickened of the business and took the first opportunity that offered to escape.

The crowded streets of London were, however, not the ground for bloodhounds. Failure dogged him at every step and while he was actually quarreling with his assistants in Scotland Yard murder flourished. Human remains were discovered October 2 in a cellar at the foundation of the new police building on the embankment and within the precincts of Scotland Yard. The mutilated body only was found here, but afterward legs and arms were found in other parts of the city.

Mr. Monro, chief of the detective department, could not agree with Sir Charles, who wished to "boss" the whole concern after his own fashion, and consequently, he handed in his resignation at the home office and left the yard.

Warren's day of doom was now rapidly approaching.

Mary Jane Kelly, or Lawrence, set up in pieces almost, on November 9. Her nose and ears and breasts were cut off and placed beside her. Her heart and liver were taken out and tied together round her gashed neck. The portion of her body carried off in all the preceding cases was not to be found. The murderer had excelled all previous efforts at diabolical butchery, and people wondered if this terrible work was never to come to an end.

The police were as powerless as ever. As the weeks went on Londoners only waited patiently for the finding of the next unfortunate victim of Jack, the Ripper.

Things in the meantime went from bad to worse with Sir Charles Warren.

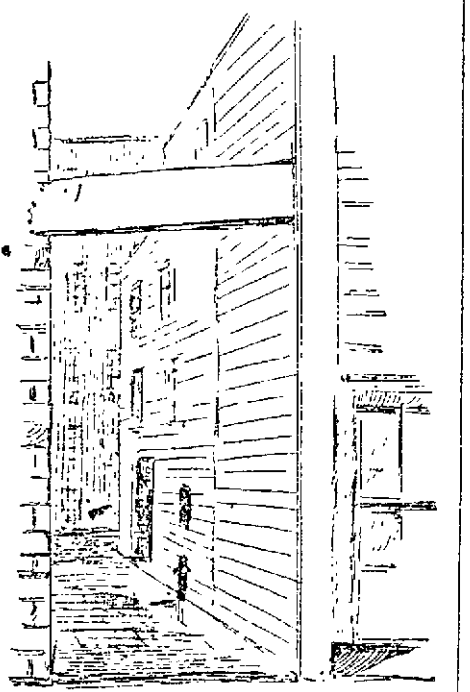
He fell foul of his master and old defender, Home Secretary Mathew, and prepared a magazine article in his own defence.

This article was sprung upon the public by the "Star" long before its time, and the result was that Warren went back to his soldiering and Monro was picked up again and appointed chief commissioner.

Since Monro's appointment London was not treated to further murders by the Ripper. There was little space given to the November 9 murder, the Parnell commission occupying all the attention of the newspapers.

The body of a woman was found early in June last, but it was not ascertained to a certainty that the old fiend had had anything to do with her murder.

The murder of Alice Mackenzie, a few days ago, gives Mr. Monro a chance of displaying his powers, but unfortunately there are no indications that the metropolitan force has improved either in



A COURT IN WHITECHAPL.

amateurism or manners since the deposition of the military chief.

It is generally believed that the late crime is only the beginning of a fresh series, and Whitechapel is being and will be closely watched by the newspapers.

Natural Electricity.
An extraordinary tale comes from Burmah. Mr. Ronald H. King, an electrician well known to the Burmese, while on a prospecting and shooting expedition in the island of Labuan, is said to have discovered a mineral from which electricity can be obtained without apparatus of any kind whatever.

The mineral, says the "Electrical Review," is described as being in the form of a black stone, of excessive hardness and very great specific gravity, being nearly as heavy as platinum. A small rock in the shape of an irregular cube, measuring 1.5 inches one way, and, on bringing it into the testing room, a strong effect was noticed upon the galvanometer. At first it was thought that the mineral was an ordinary loadstone, but on tests being made it was found that the force was more akin to that of an electro-magnet, and that a strong current would flow when the mineral was connected in a circuit.

Further tests revealed that a difference of potential of forty-seven volts could be detected at the extremities, the internal resistance of the mass being twenty ohms. The block appears to waste away very slightly, leaving a slight gray powder upon the surface when connected up for some time. The electrician now uses the block to light a couple of incandescent lamps in his laboratory.

A Rare Confederate Envelope.
Judge J. D. Hammock, of Crawfordsville, who has held some one or two county offices of Tallapoosa county, Ga., shows a rare envelope. It is an old confederate envelope of a bluish color and is lined with cloth. It was sent to the judge in the fall of 1863, containing \$473 in confederate bills issued by the State of Georgia. The money was sent by Secretary Campbell to be issued out to the needy families of the soldiers of the county.—Atlanta Journal.

THE SEASIDE FASHIONS.

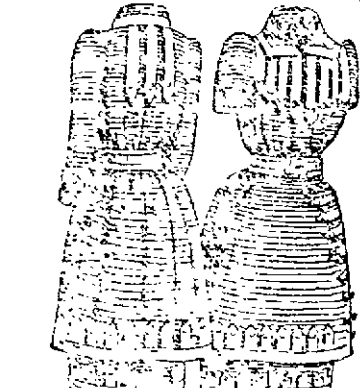
HINTS FOR MAIDS AND MATRONS ABOUT WATERING PLACE STYLES.

Bathing Dresses and What They Are Made Of—Some Evening Costumes—A New and Pretty Concept in Hair Dressing—Hide Your Ears.

(Special Correspondence.)

NEW YORK, Aug. 8.—What the wild waves are saying is now the question that interests the feminine person more than what is to be worn next spring, and what woman's heart is there also will go for you, even though it has to wade through rivers of ink and travel over seas of ink to get there.

Blue flannel or serge is used to make the modest and ladylike bathing dress illustrated, and it is trimmed with white mohair braid and flat blue buttons. The skirt of the dress comes to the knees and the trousers three or four inches below. This same style is carried out for children and to a certain extent for the men.



A SEASIDE BATHING SUIT.

In many, even the most bathing and seaside places, the bathing costumes are anything but modest, and young girls and matrons loiter about the sands in a manner the reverse of delicate, and many fathers dress for bath in their own rooms and then throw a long cloak over the scanty costume and run down to the beach. In the ideal place, however, you will see mothers and children going hand in hand down to the bath houses, and from thence into the invigorating sea, and the white habited as any man would like to see his wife, or father his daughter.

In the pretty illustration which shows a mother and child going down to the beach, I do not wish to have any one suppose that the mother's bathing costume is locked up in her little hand bag. It is only the Newport and Long Branch belles who can carry their bathing dresses in their hand bags, as they carry their carmen's. We will suppose, therefore, that she keeps hers at the bath house.

Costumes for the seaside for all occasions should be of such goods as will neither shrink, spot or grow lumpy, and, therefore, for ordinary day wear serge, black, blue or maroon is better than anything else.

Soft silks and lace dresses, for evening are nice, and so is nun's veiling. Cashmeres are apt to feel sticky. Sarah for trimming on dresses is good to use, for its principal claim is its softness and flexibility. All who go to the seaside should take plenty of wraps, and none should go without flannel undervests, as there is always a chill in the atmosphere. Feathers, except stiff ones, are ruined by the dampness. Thick shoes are sorer than thin ones.

The costume represented in this cut is of dark blue serge, with a front and vest of cream surah, with a band of Persian embroidery up the center, and blue straw hat with cream lace and daisies. The child's dress is of two shades of blue serge, trimmed with white braid and white flannel vest and collar.

The other day I happened in the leading jewelry house to look for dog collars, and among the mass of silver collars, leather bands and chased and decorated neckwear for rich folks' bowdows I found several silver chains two and three yards long, and I naturally asked if those were to lead the dogs with. The clerk said no, that they were for young ladies to wear in their hair, and he showed several different kinds, some in gold, some copper and bronze, and besides these were several Greek fillets of gold and silver. These I was told are sold to young ladies who have discovered that this style of dressing the hair is becoming to them. The fillets made of the baser metals are for day use and the more precious ones for evening.

I am glad that women have come to a realizing sense that each should adopt a style of hairdressing for herself that exactly becomes her style. Just now much latitude is allowed, but some light rings or curls of hair lying over the brow soften any face, yet no one should overlook the fact that in arrang-



OFF TO THE BEACH.

ing the front hair there is no rule that will produce the same results for two women; but it is safe to say that curls or frizzes should not be too compact, and they should be brought down as far around the ears as possible. Many women wear a compact mass of frizzes straight across the forehead, having the hair drawn tightly back from the temples, leaving the ear to stand out bare and ugly when it should be partially concealed in a soft mass of hair.

OLIVE HARPER.

A FATAL RAILROAD ACCIDENT.

Three Passengers Killed and Seven Injured on the R. W. and O. Road.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Aug. 12.—A collision between two trains occurred at 8 o'clock Saturday morning at Forest Lawn station, on the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg railroad, about seven miles from Rochester, where many residents of Rochester are spending the summer. Those at Forest Lawn who come to the city daily to business do so on a "stub" train, which runs between Windsor Beach and Forest Lawn. This "stub" train had just run up to Forest Lawn and was standing there waiting for passengers, when the Thousand Islands fast express, which should leave Oswego at 4 a. m., came flying along and crashed into the "stub." The rear car of the latter train was completely telescoped and the engine of the express was driven through it and the engine and car thrown up on the platform of the depot. The coaches of the express were thrown into a ditch and piled up in all conceivable shapes.

One young lady was instantly killed, two men injured in the collision have since died, and seven persons were badly hurt. The following is a list of the dead and injured:

The Dead.
Jay, John, of Oswego, N. Y.
Perrin, Miss Emma, 23 years old, of St. John's, Mich.
Tiffany, Andrew, engineer of the steamer Hazelton, of Oswego, N. Y.

The Injured.
Bell, Frederick, of Cheboygan, Mich., compound fracture of left leg.
Brown, Lowell C., of Sherman, N. Y., a salesman.—His right leg was so badly crushed at the knee that amputation is necessary, and his left foot is also badly crushed.

Hampson, Mrs. Francis, of Siskiyou, Ont.—Right leg broken, injured internally and cut in several places.

Moore, Miss Louise, of Landstown, Can.—Right leg broken.

Perrin, Henry M., of St. John's, Mich.—Chest crushed, a painful scalp wound and cuts on the face.

Perrin, Mrs., wife of Henry M.—Collar bone broken.

Sweet, Miss Sarah M., of West Wollcott—Hip injured.

A special train was immediately dispatched to the scene of the accident from Rochester, and the injured were placed on cots and brought to this city and taken to the city hospital. Just where the blame for the accident is to be placed is hard to state. One report has it that the Forest Lawn train had no flag out; another that the express had orders to run no further than Forest Lawn. The express was here. The railway officials here are very reticent and not inclined to give out any particulars.

An interesting scene occurred when Mrs. Perrin, mother of the girl who was killed, asked for her daughter. She did not know her daughter was dead, and it was not thought wise to inform her, so she was told that her daughter had sustained a severe cold and would not be able to leave the city.



WHICH WILL IT BE?
Which is the fairest, a rose or a lily?
Which is the sweetest, a peach or a pear?
Merry's coquish and charming is Milly;
Dora's dark eyes and fair face are fairer;
Sweet as a flower was her face when I kissed her.
(Love is the romance and glory of life,
Milly, my playmate, I love—like a sister,
But Dora I choose for my wife.)

That is right, young man, marry the girl you love, by all means, if she will have you. Should her be an, be some delicate and her beauty fade after marriage, remember that this is usually due to functional disturbances, weaknesses, irregularities, or painful disorders peculiar to her sex, in the cure of which Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded. See the printed certificate of guarantee on bottle-wrapper.

For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequalled as an appetizing, cordial and restorative tonic, or strength-giver.

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Dr. PIERCE'S PELLETS

regulate and cleanse the liver, stomach and bowels. They are purely vegetable and perfectly harmless. One a Dose. Sold by druggists. 25 cents a vial.

DIETER'S CROWN BAKING POWDER

Recommended by the highest medical and chemical authorities, who testify to its absolute purity, wholesomeness and wonderful strength. Every can guaranteed to do the work of any other baking powder costing twice as much. Every can guaranteed to give satisfaction, or purchase money refunded.

1 lb. Can, 20c; 5 lb. Can, 1.00; 10 lb. Can, 2.00.

If your dealer does not keep Crown, do not let him persuade you to buy some other; he claims to be just as good, but ask him to send you by getting

DIETER'S CROWN BAKING POWDER.

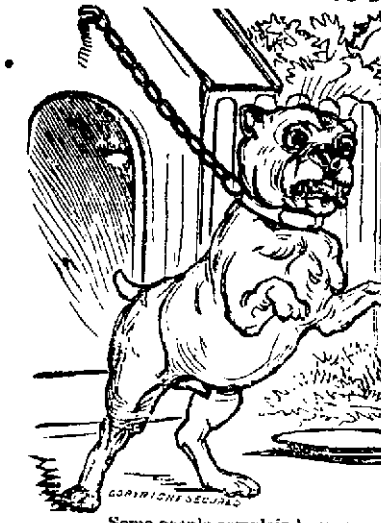
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170, 9 North Erie Street.

HABITUAL GROWLER



Wolff's ACME Blacking

which pleased them so much in the beginning, accumulated on the shoe. Have they EVER READ DIRECTIONS (wrapped conspicuously around the neck of every bottle) which tell them how to prevent it? Shall we say it is useless to appeal to their intelligence, and call them "Habitual Growlers?"

WOLFF & RANDOLPH, Philadelphia.

Follow directions, and your complaints will turn to praise.

Sold by all Dealers.

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LIVER PILLS!

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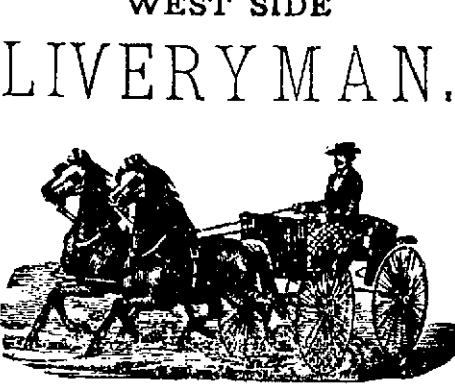
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LIVER PILLS!

A. KELLER, WEST SIDE LIVERYMAN.



None but safe, sound and good driving horses; none but strong, fine and comfortable carriages; and none but reasonable prices. As a further convenience, outfits will be delivered to any part of the city.

A. KELLER, Clay Street.

HARDWARE

S. A. Conrad & Co.

MAINS STREET, MASSILLON,

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HARDWARE

Consisting of a fine selection of

COACH TRIMMINGS.

SADDLERY.

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with a large stock of

Scythes, Forks, Hay-Hooks

Paints, Glass, etc.

TEEPLE'S GALLERY

In the production of Finest and Best

MRS. KATHERINE CHASE.

A TALK WITH A WOMAN WHO HAS HELPED MAKE HISTORY.

She Has a Farm Near Washington Now Which She Manages Herself—The Daughter of One of the "War Secretaries," Whose Life She Is Writing.

(Special Correspondence.)

WASHINGTON, Aug. 8.—On a hill overlooking the capital city, in a house so old that nobody knows when it was built, lives Mrs. Katherine Chase. The former social queen and national belle is still a beautiful woman. "There is only one accomplishment of which I am proud," she says, "and that is the art of taking care of one's self. I do claim to be a master of that art, not only for myself, but for my children. I am always well, and for a woman to be always well is in these times to be quite abnormal, extraordinary. I have had my share of troubles in this world, but even my greatest troubles I have endeavored to bear in a philosophic manner. Since becoming a farmer I have learned that it is very bad policy to borrow money, but even borrowing money is preferable to borrowing trouble. I never borrow either."

"Then you are a farmer now?"
"Oh, yes. My place here I manage all alone. I have a farmer, but he works rather than manages. If I had to pay for superintendence I am afraid I shouldn't make farming pay. What I don't know about farming I try to make up in caution. All my plans are very carefully laid. Here, see, I have sketches of all my fields. These I mark just how I want them plowed and planted, and then take good care that my plans are followed. Often I go out into the fields and literally follow the plow, walking along behind the farmer as he turns the first furrows, watching to see that he lays out the ground nicely. Then I come into the house, go up stairs and look out the windows to see how the work appears from a bird's eye view."

Mrs. Chase's house stands on a hill almost in the center of the farm, and a view from the windows brings all the fields within easy range of the eye. One of Mrs. Chase's theories is that with small additional trouble and no extra expense a little landscape art can be applied to practical agriculture. Though she has not as yet worked out all her ideas in this direction, one would have to travel a long way to find a prettier farm than the one which lies along the slopes of Edgewood. Mrs. Chase not only manages the farm, but goes almost every day to town to buy supplies. Everything that comes to the place is purchased by her, from rapier to wrench, from draught horse to pullet. She is a good financier, and actually manages to make her farm of some fifty acres pay a handsome profit.

It is an exceedingly valuable farm. But a mile from the city limits, and only two miles from the Capitol, it is already surrounded by suburban villas. An electric railway runs through the property, making it exceedingly desirable as a site for dwellings, and every day of her life the handsome and amiable mistress of Edgewood is called upon by real estate operators who want to purchase the farm and subdivide it into lots. Mrs. Chase is not ready to sell. Her idea is that the farm, for which she could now get probably \$2,000 an acre, will ultimately bring twice or thrice as much, and that her children will, some years hence, have greater need of the proceeds than they have now. Besides, Mrs. Chase loves the old place, and hopes to be able to keep it as long as she lives. It has halcyon memories of her father clinging about it, and Mrs. Chase's love for her father is deep and tender.

Mrs. Chase is now engaged upon a task that could be fairly called a labor of love. She is writing the life of her father, Salmon Portland Chase. She has been engaged at this for three or four years, and cannot yet say when the first volume will appear. "I work very hard," she said the other day while sitting on the veranda of Edgewood house looking down upon the Capitol that was the scene of so many of her father's triumphs, "but find that I am making slow progress. I rarely retire before 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning, because I like to work after everybody else is asleep and I know I shall not be disturbed. In this work I am harassed by a wealth of material. You have no idea of the enormous quantity of stuff that has poured in upon me. Letters, newspaper articles and documents are stacked up two or three feet thick all around the shelves of my work room. The most precious material I have is my father's diary. Throughout his public career it was his daily habit before going to bed to take a few minutes or sometimes half an hour to jot down memoranda concerning the occurrences of the day. In this way he has left behind him a record of every cabinet meeting that was held while he was secretary of the treasury. It is a record which cannot be disputed, and which probably nobody will try to dispute when it is made public. This diary I prize so highly, not only because it was kept by my father, but for its intrinsic worth as a contribution to history, that I keep it in a fireproof vault. While the editors in those scenes still lived the state secrets recorded in my father's diary could not have been made public without a violation of the proprieties. But now that the men are dead, the diary does not belong to me, but to the country, and the country shall have it. A great deal of my manuscript is finished, and I hope soon to be able to get out the first volume, though of the many offers made to me by publishers I have not yet accepted one."

"I am working carefully and slowly, because I do not want a single statement in my book that cannot be supported by the facts. I do not want to be compelled after publication to wish a single line of it had been omitted. I am unwilling to write history as Mr. Hay and Mr. Nicolay have been doing it—by the distortion of facts, the quoting of parts of sentences, the omission of vital words and other glibblings. I cannot afford to

do my work in that manner. It is my present intention to issue the book in two volumes, the first to deal with the period in which my father was a member of the Lincoln cabinet. My father's career was really divided into four epochs: First was his natural career as a private citizen and lawyer; then came his career as governor of Ohio and senator of the United States, involving the great questions of those times—state rights, Missouri compromise and the Kansas-Nebraska bill; third, and to my mind most important of all, was his service as a member of the government during the war and his creation of the fiscal system, which historians have already declared saved the Union. My father's services to his country in this respect have, of course, been appreciated in a general way by his countrymen, but the keenest insight into the value of those services, the best comprehension of what they signified, I have found, oddly enough, among distinguished foreigners, notably Mr. Morgan, founder and London partner of the great firm of Drexel, Morgan & Co."

In the forthcoming volume Mrs. Chase will not endeavor to give many of her personal recollections of the great men and women whom she has met on both sides of the Atlantic. She says she is not fond of gossip, and that the writing of her recollections would be to her a difficult and ungrateful task. Such a book she may bring out later on, but for the present her hopes and her energies are fastened upon the life of her father. No one is so competent as she to describe the career, the daily life and work of the great statesman. By circumstances as much as by disposition forced into the self reliance of womanhood while yet a mere girl, her father early learned to trust her with his confidence and to seek her advice. When no more than 14 years old she was at the head of her father's house, the governor's mansion, at Columbus, O. Even at that tender age she had influence in the affairs of state. Politicians sought her friendship, and mothers and fathers, eager for pardons for their erring sons, counted the battle half won if they could enlist the governor's daughter on their side. Yet she knew her father well enough to have a very firm conviction that it would never do to ask him for clemency on any but the best of grounds, and so she formed the habit of carefully investigating every case that was presented to her. When she made her report, either for or against a pardon, the governor usually ratified with his signature and the seal of the state the conclusions of his girl minister. Governor Chase found the girl so apt at this work that he naturally fell into the habit of turning many of his pardon cases over to her.

"It often wrung my heart to disappoint the petitioners by handing in an adverse report," says Mrs. Chase. "There was one case I will remember to my dying day. The mother of a convict came to my house to see me. I was busy at the moment with another caller, and the woman sat down on the doorstep. Presently our big cat walked up to her purring, and the poor woman seized the cat, held it in her arms and said: 'Kitty, you know the trouble I am in, don't you? You would help me out of it if you could, wouldn't you, Kitty?' And then she told the cat the whole story of how her boy had been led into evil ways by bad companions and finally sent to the penitentiary. It was done so naturally—her heart was so full she had to pour out her anguish on somebody—that I was deeply affected. But the circumstances were such that I could not recommend the young man's pardon."

Miss Chase took warm interest in the public institutions of her state. She was known to the inmates of the homes and asylums, and it is said that at one time she knew every prisoner at the penitentiary by name. Largely through her efforts, put forth before she was a woman, the Ohio idyllic asylum, still a useful institution, was founded.

"I can hardly remember when my father did not place confidence in me far beyond my years," says Mrs. Chase. "When I was a mere chick of a girl, not more than 7 or 8, we lived in the outskirts of Cincinnati, where father practiced law. Every evening he used to drive home along the turnpike, he and I together. The horse was a fiery, speedy animal, which very much disliked to have any other horse pass it on the road. To make matters worse, this turnpike was used by the owners of fast horses as a sulking track, and great numbers of sulkies were whizzing along in both directions at the hour when we usually drove home. Well, father had a habit of sitting in the carriage entirely oblivious to everything that was going on about him. On such occasions he handed the lines to me, apparently with full confidence that I could manage the spirited animal and escape all the dangers of the road. How I contrived to get father and myself home alive is more than I ever understood. Probably it was the capacity of the horse."

In speaking generally of the national sin of decaying people when their backs are turned, Mrs. Chase said: "My father was a model man in this respect, if in no other. In all the years of my confidential relationship with him I never heard him utter a disparaging word of any one." Mrs. Chase lives with her at Edgewood her three daughters and a son, the last named, and first of the children, being now nearly 25. He is employed in a printing office, but wishes to become a civil engineer. The eldest daughter, Ethel, now 19, and a bright and pretty girl, has been in New York studying for the stage. She worked so hard that her health was threatened, and Mrs. Chase brought her home for a long rest. The Misses Sprague are all accomplished and daring horsewomen, and are often seen galloping along the country roads. It would not be easy to find a more interesting family. The remarkable woman who engaged the confidence of many great statesmen, and from whom even Abraham Lincoln has said he was often glad to take advice, is as vivacious and fascinating as when the social world was at her feet. WALTER WELLMAN.

OUR CHECKER COLUMN.

Address all communications to J. T. DENVER, Editor, 621 W. Fifteenth St., Chicago, Ill.

AN ADMIRABLE SCORE.

Percy Bradt, of Omro, Wis., visited Madison July 27, remaining three days, the guest of the players of that city and vicinity. The meeting was an enjoyable one, though singularly one-sided in its results, as will be seen by the appended score. The remarkable strength developed by young Bradt since his previous meeting with the Madison players was something of a surprise to them. This was especially true of his superb end game play. The following scores were made:

Bradt.....3 Savin.....1 Drawn.....0
Bradt.....3 Ketchum.....0 Drawn.....0
Bradt.....3 Hook.....0 Drawn.....0
Bradt.....3 Horner.....0 Drawn.....0
Prof. A. M. Savin, whom the Review has pronounced the finest unbooked player in the country, won a "Wisp" game which we give below.

Mr. T. B. Panceast, of Hancock Bridge, N. J., writes: "Game No. 141 is a black, sound, 3rd move of Game No. 105 the position is:

Black—2, 3, 5, 6, 7, 18, 19, 20. White—12, 13, 14, 25, 26, 29, 31, 32. It is now black's to play, which wins if played thus: 19-24, 20-21, 21-22 and runs a black king for a draw by 33-34."

The Barber-Read Match Game Books are now ready. We will mail them to any of our readers upon receipt of 50 cents.

POSITION NO. 132.—BY PERCY M. BRADT.

(a) This position occurred in actual play at Omro, Wis., between Percy M. Bradt and a friend:

Black—11, 12, 13, 14, 23.

White—19, 25, 30, 31. King's White (Bradt) to move and win.

GAME NO. 181.—"WILL-O'-THE-WISP."

By Mr. J. P. Ketchum, of Madison, Wis., who recently made a creditable score with Champion Reed. An analysis on the 7-11 Wisp, which will consist of three parts, the following being part one:

11-15	12-16	8-11	2-18	26-31
23-19	24-23a	31-26	26-23b	7-2
9-13	16-19	6-11	19-26	31-26
22-18	17-23	9-12	21-15	22-17
15-22	19-24	11-15	8-11	28-32
25-18	23-19	10-16	18-7	27-24
7-11	24-25	15-19	3-19	26-23
19-15	20-23d	22-18	10-16	2-7
2-18	9-11	4-8	10-22	32-7
24-15	18-7	15-19	16-11	24-20
5-9	11-25	13-17d	23-26	23-19
28-24	19-22	21-7	11-7	7-3

(a) This move was given as a loser in a game published in Mr. J. P. Ketchum's "Polarity Ledger."

Variation 1.

31-27 11-18 27-21 36-31 32-23
9-14 20-23b 22-26 25-18 33-32
18-7 18-22 9-12 31-27 B. wins

(b) If 23-25 then 2-7 B. wins.

Variation 2.

22-18 1-5 16-7 8-12 2-7
10-11 19-16 31-26 26-22 B. wins
26-23 4-8 31-26

Variation 3.

26-23 31-22 18-11 18-11
10-26 2-6 8-15 10-14 B. wins

Variation 4.

10-14 20-18 18-22 27-24 28-27
16-12 2-7 20-17 10-23 32-23
14-13 31-27 13-22 24-20 Drawn

Variation 5.

16-12 22-13 11-10 16-11 7-2
18-23 19-24 15-18 22-25 20-25
26-22 18-14 20-16 11-7 2-7
8-11 11-15 18-22 5-22 Drawn

Variation 6.

23-26 18-15 2-7 3-10 29-26
22-18 30-21 12-3 2-3 Drawn
26-30 30-10 19-23

BLACK.

REFERENCE BOARD.

At the commencement of a game, the Black Men occupy the squares numbered 1 to 12, the White Men those numbered 21 to 32. The number on a board number it as chart: play over one of the games before you, and then you can in one sense of the word consider yourself a checker player. Blacks always move first.

WHITE.

GAME NO. 182.—"LADY AND LADY."

BY MR. W. C. BELDEN.

11-15 12-16 11-18 8-19 11-13
24-19 21-20 19-6 22-18 20-16
8-11 16-19 7-10 23-27 27-23
22-17 31-26 6-2 14-9 25-22
9-13 17-23 14-14 27-22 17-18
10-17 10-6 19-15 9-12 17-21
21-14 22-15 25-21 21-17 21-20
6-10 9-18 17-22 13-22 19-23
14-12 20-23 15-11 14-28 22-23
17-13 19-23 22-20 15-11 23-27
21-14 28-24 2-6 13-16 31-26
15-18 5-9 26-31 12-16 27-32
29-23 24-10 11-7 30-23 28-25
19-15 15-10 32-25a 25-21 23-19
4-8 14-17 8-10 32-27 W. wins
26-22 22-15 6-22 21-7

Variation 1.

28-27 27-23 12-11 23-27
17-14 16-12 22-18 14-10 W. wins

(a) 20-25 is the stronger move of the two.

(b) Corrects game 181.

(c) If 27-31 or 27-32 then 17-22 wins.

\$5. A FIVE DOLLAR PRIZE. \$5.

(d) Some time ago we received two dollars from Mr. T. B. Panceast to be given to the ones who would prove his plan successful in showing a black draw. Messrs. Belden, Gorton, Bregan, and Sheehan demonstrated it to be faulty and are entitled to Mr. Panceast's prize; but previous to awarding it we will add three dollars and give the five dollars to any checker player, notwithstanding the supposed draws in the Blade or Andre's (magazine), in the world who will show a sound draw for blacks after 1-6. With the consent of the prize winners we give the five dollars for 2 draws. If no draw is found we will divide it equally among Messrs. Belden, Sheehan, Gorton and Bregan.

GAME NO. 183.—"LADY AND LADY."

BY MR. W. C. BELDEN.

11-15 23-14 11-18 21-15 3-10
23-19 15-18 24-19 9-13 14-7
8-11 29-25 13-17 25-21 16-7
22-17 31-26 6-2 14-9 25-22
9-13 17-23 14-14 27-22 17-18
10-17 10-6 19-15 9-12 17-21
21-14 22-15 25-21 21-17 21-20
6-10 9-18 17-22 13-22 19-23
14-12 20-23 15-11 14-28 22-23
17-13 19-23 22-20 15-11 23-27
21-14 28-24 2-6 13-16 31-26
15-18 5-9 26-31 12-16 27-32
29-23 24-10 11-7 30-23 28-25
19-15 15-10 32-25a 25-21 23-19
4-8 14-17 8-10 32-27 W. wins
26-22 22-15 6-22 21-7

Variation 1.

28-27 27-23 12-11 23-27
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GAME NO. 184.—"SWITCHER."

Played at Boston, Mass., June 15, 1893, between H. Z. Wright and J. H. Ewin.

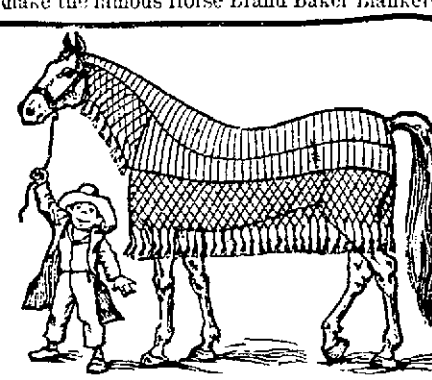
11-15 1-6 20-27 14-18 18-15
21-17 21-14 31-24 6-10 11-8
9-13 6-10 20-27 14-18 18-15
22-21 29-25 23-20 32-28 2-3
8-11 10-17 12-16 26-31 19-21
24-19 25-21 19-12 28-24 4-8
15-21 2-6 10-15 31-27 24-20
28-19 21-16 11-13 22-19 10-11
6-10 9-18 17-22 13-22 19-23
17-13 22-17 13-9 10-16 11-12
10-17 13-22 7-10 27-31 24-21
23-14 30-17 14-7 19-26 16-11
29-10 9-18 5-14 21-22 21-16
29-10 27-24 2-6 18-11 11-8
10-17 16-20 22-26 22-18 16-11
25-21 23-18 2-6 20-16 Drawn

GAME NO. 185.—"WILL-O'-THE-WISP."

Played at Madison, Wis., between Percy M. Bradt, State Champion and Prof. A. M. Saw N.

5/8 HORSE BLANKETS ARE THE STRONGEST.

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To purge the bowels does not make them regular but leaves them in worse condition than before. The liver is the seat of trouble, and

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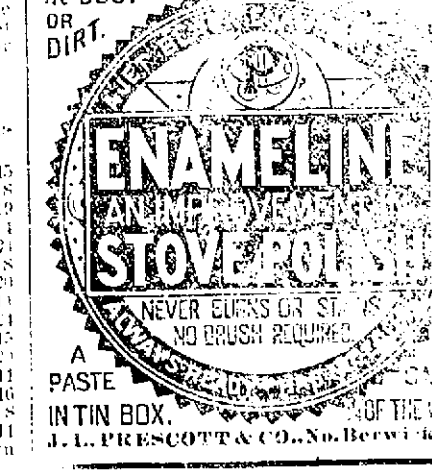
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The great remedy for Consumption, and Wasting in Children. Sold by all Druggists.

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When I say CURE I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return, but I mean a RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of

FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS.

A life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed, is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send 50c for a treatise and a FREE BOTTLE of my INFALLIBLE REMEDY. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address

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